THE

WEEKLY MAGAZINE,

OR

EDINBURGH AMUSEMENT.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15. 1778.

BRITAIN'S RIGHT *of* SUPREMACY *over her Colonies vindicated, and the chief American Pleas for Independency ſhewn to be either imaginary, or diſingenuous and futile.*

LETTER II.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I RETURN you my beſt acknowledgments for having generouſly favoured my ambition, ſo unexpected, even by myſelf, of riſing from your early and conſtant reader, to become alſo your correſpondent. My former obſervations concerning the moſt important conteſt that the world has ever beheld, or is likely to behold again, could not but need your and the public's kindeſt indulgence; for they were wrote in the critical moment of receiving the accounts of the firſt reading of Lord North's conciliatory bills in the houſe of commons, and were ſent you, without being ſo much as once copied. Nor was the plan of thoſe obſervations more compleat, than the execution of them was accurate; for, while they cenſured the conduct of Britain in the American war, they treated Britain's right of ſupremacy over her colonies; her paſt diſappointments, and the moſt probable means of her future ſucceſs, as well as America's pleas, in a very general and curſory manner: Theſe, therefore, agreeably to my original deſign, ſhall be the objects of my further attention; and I ſhall no longer talk of conciliatory bills, but of thoſe acts of the ſupreme legiſlature of Britain into which theſe bills have been, I fear, too haſtily converted. Hazardous, however, as this event is, it was evidently to be expected from the aſtoniſhing welcome theſe bills met with from the houſe of commons on the firſt reading. Will not the general harmony of the two houſes of parliament in ſo abject a conciliatory plan, eſpecially while they are ſo much divided in almoſt every other queſtion, and while the nation ſeems to acquieſce with ſo much inſenſibility, or pleaſure, or deſpair, give additional, if not irreſiſtible courage to both our domeſtic and foreign foes? Britain really appears to have loſt at once her ſword and her valour; her pen and her genius; and that too at the time when ſhe moſt needs them. I am amazed, when I recollect that I have neither ſeen, nor heard of a ſingle eſſay, or even the ſmalleſt publication, but by myſelf, upon a ſcheme that is of ſuch mag-

nitude, as poſſibly to involve in its boſom the eventual ſubjection not only of Britain, but of the whole old world, to the new one.

Uninfluenced by the various complexions of events, of men and meaſures, my opinion of the unhappy conteſt between Britain and her colonies has remained the ſame from the very firſt ſuſpicion of a rupture to this moment; I can even add with the greateſt truth, that ſome native inhabitants of America, and a great many Britons, know that my ſuſpicions of this calamitous event, and of America meaning nothing leſs than independence, were ſo early declared, that they ſcarcely found a ſingle perſon to countenance them; owing not to any extraordinary foreſight to which I have not the ſmalleſt pretenſion, but to a ſituation favourable for procuring intelligence. If I ſhall be thought to expreſs myſelf too warmly upon this ſubject, I beg that my fervour may be candidly imputed to its only true cauſe; to the ſtrong ſenſibility of a mind deeply impreſſed with the truth and vaſt importance of what it contends for. America has ſome ſubſtantial claims to my regard; but I am determined to liſten only to what appears to me to be truth, equity, and the general intereſt of the Britiſh empire. I ſincerely wiſh all mankind happy, and have conſtantly declared, that, if the rebel Americans were lying at my mercy, I would aſk nothing of them, but what, I think, I would do myſelf, if placed in their circumſtances.

In order to examine events and arguments with preciſion, or even with truth, it is neceſſary to inveſtigate their firſt cauſes and principles; and, following this line, we may eaſily diſcover that the remonſtrances of America have never ſpoken the language either of truth, or of honeſty; either of concluſive reaſoning, or of pure intentions. The bounds and nature of your publication, Sir, not permitting me to apply this obſervation to every part of this great queſtion, I ſhall confine my application of it chiefly to the pretended grievance of taxation by the king and parliament of Britain; the capital point in diſpute, and therefore the propereſt ſpecimen that can be ſelected. On a ſubject already treated by ſo many of the ableſt pens of the age, little new, it is readily confeſſed, can be ſaid; yet greater novelty may allure more readers: different attitudes may ſtrike, when all that have been tried have failed; new ſituations call for freſh enquiry; and the importance of the ſubject, the danger and ſeeming inſenſibility of the nation, loudly proclaim the neceſſity of repeating even what has been already advanced.

After all that has been ſo ingeniouſly, ſo artfully ſaid in attempting to prove the contrary, nothing is more clear than that the king and parliament of Britain have a right of ſupremacy over Britiſh America, and conſequently a right to tax its inhabitants. This right is founded in the practice of all, even the freeſt, ſtates both ancient and modern; in charters, either explicitly, as in that of Pennſylvania, or by neceſſary implication, as in thoſe of all the other American provinces; in an uninterrupted ſeries of acts of Britiſh parliaments, and particularly of the long parliament 1641, which the congreſs ſeems to copy as a model for itſelf; in the homologation of all theſe acts by the the colonies themſelves from the moment they exiſted, till their inclination and ſtrength to rebel became too great to be longer concealed, and induced them to remonſtrate; and in the nature, juſtice, and equity of the caſe.

Whatever republican or democratic ſentiments in government, whatever faction, party-rage, intereſt and prejudice may ſuggeſt, the impartial and judicious will never admit, that the rights of parent ſtates and their colonies, have remained an inſcrutable myſtery to all preceding ages, and have been diſcovered only by the late one in which we live, one year or two ago. This is a doctrine that is too eſſentially connected with the moſt valuable intereſts of men and of nations, and has too often unavoidably been reviewed by them, to have ſo very long eſcaped all their penetration, and to be diſcovered now, and that too only by Britiſh America and her advocates. The general belief of mankind is commonly admitted as proof; and not general belief only, but univerſal belief and practice appear here undeniably for Britain, and againſt her rebellious colonies and their partizans. Colonies that have originally ſettled themſelves without the aid of their reſpective parent ſtates, or which the parent ſtates have choſen to abandon, cannot be pleaded here with effect, or even with truth; becauſe ſuch caſes are diametrically oppoſite to that under conſideration. That colonies eſtabliſhed, reared, nurſed, and defended by the ſupreme legiſlature of their parent ſtates, and at their expence,

are conſtituent parts of theſe ſtates, owe all reaſonable ſubordination to them, and particularly ought to pay an equable part of the national taxes, is as plainly certain, as it is, that ſtates ſhould not, phœnix-like, feed their young with their own vitals: that he who purchaſes ought to pay adequately; that individuals and ſocieties are entitled to receive what belongs to them, and that every part of a whole is a part of it. If this ſimpleſt ſtate in which this queſtion has, ſo far as I know, yet appeared, or can appear; if this moſt ſimple propoſition, or rather axiom, had been attended to, the coloniſts, and their patrons, could not have forgot, even in all the heat of controverſy, the very eſſence of the diſpute, that Britain and America are not two ſtates, but conſtituent parts of one empire; nor ſhould the public have been abuſed with ſuch torrents of plauſible, but futile declamation; elſe it would have been reprobated with that univerſal contempt and indignation that it ſo highly merits. When the queſtion is concerning governments connected from the very birth of the youngeſt of them, to attempt to ſubſtitute in their place governments that have never been connected, or ſocieties of men that have never been formed into any regular government, and then to argue as if the caſes were the ſame, is neither logical nor candid. Our antagoniſts are guilty of another great fallacy in reaſoning, or rather abſurdity, in admitting Britain and America to be one ſtate, whenever ſuch admiſſion ſeems to bind Britain to promote the intereſts of America; and, in aſſerting that they are diſtinct ſtates, when the contrary doctrine ſeems to bind America to repay only what it has received. When the Americans formerly needed our aid againſt France, the implacable foe of the Britiſh empire, though now probably their faithful or faithleſs ally, and when they and their agents want now to gull us over to continue to indulge them to our own ruin; they are our children; "they are bone of our bone, and fleſh of our fleſh;" they are ourſelves. But we no ſooner conſtitutionally require them to pay a mite for the ſcores of millions they have coſt us, than they refuſe all relation to us, inſiſt on all the rights of natural liberty, declare themſelves free and independent ſtates, and cut our throats, amidſt the re-echoing applauſes of their Britiſh friends. "O ſhame! where is thy bluſh!"

Nor is it more plain that Britain and her colonies in America form one ſtate, than that, for this very reaſon, theſe colonies are conſtitutionally bound to be ſubject to the king and parliament of Britain in all conſtitutional caſes whatever, and particularly in that of taxation, whether they are actually repreſented in the Britiſh parliament or not. In the ſo much hackneyed brocard, "that there can be no taxation without repreſentation," there is much more ſound than ſenſe. To be an originally component part of a ſtate is one thing; to be an united part of it, like North Britain, is another; to be a dependent part, according to the conſtitution of Ireland, with a lord lieutenant and parliament, is a third; and to be dependent by charters, as the American colonies are, is a fourth, and is as eſſentially different from all the other three, as they are from each other. It is readily acknowledged, that all the originally component parts of a ſtate have a perfect right to an equable repreſentation, and to an equable portion of every other immunity and advantage. But the accreſcent parts of a ſtate already modelled, are neceſſarily ſubjected to innumerable circumſtances of diſtance, numbers, weakneſs or power, poverty or riches, and the like; which, in combination with the nature and character of that ſtate, give them their firſt forms, eſtabliſh them on plans, different both from that of the original ſtate and from one another, vary their future complexions, and ſo create unavoidable diſtinctions, the overlooking of which has been the fatal ſpring of much unneceſſary altercation in this unfortunate controverſy. By not attending to theſe plain diſtinctions, the Americans and their ſolicitors have counteracted the eſſential natures of things, by treating them, through ignorance or deſign, as being what they are not; have confounded truth and falſehood, right and wrong. If it were true that no ſtate could have a right of ſupremacy over any of its accreſcent parts, or that this is the particular caſe of Britain, unleſs when theſe parts are equably repreſented in the ſupreme legiſlative body of the original ſtate, Ireland and North Britain might alſo juſtly declare themſelves free and independent ſtates; the former having no repreſentation in parliament, and the latter having what muſt be deemed little better than none, one that is unequal and inadequate. It

is true, that Ireland is not taxed by the Britiſh parliament, but by its own; but it is as true that North Britain is ſo taxed, though unequally and inadequately repreſented; yet to deny that Ireland is dependent on Britain, or that North Britain ought to be taxed by the Britiſh parliament, would be to looſe every joining and dependency of the Britiſh conſtitution, to ſap all its foundations, and to level it with the duſt.

By neither petitioning for a repreſentation in the Britiſh parliament, nor declaring either as a body collective, or as individuals, that they would be ſatisfied with it if it were offered to them, the rebel coloniſts very plainly, though tacitly, declare, that they would refuſe ſuch an offer, give their deceived and deceiving friends the lie, and decide this eſſential point againſt themſelves. When they thus ſay in actions, a ſtill more expreſſive language than words, that they will neither ſubmit to taxation, becauſe they are not repreſented, nor will be repreſented, they betray at once the abſurdity of their cauſe, the diſingenuity of their profeſſions, and the folly of all who have confided or now confide in them; they expreſsly, however unwillingly, acknowledge, that to be free from taxation is only their pretended, while to be independent of Britain is their original, their real, their great object. Nor could this worſt of cauſes merit a better fate in a court of law, than it does in one either of legiſlation, or of equity. It would ſeem that former Britiſh kings and parliaments have had ſome, though, alas! not ſufficient foreſight of the dangers of a too extenſive colonization; and that they, therefore, preferred the mode of chartered dependencies, as being that which admit moſt eaſily ſuch alterations and amendments, as might appear neceſſary to the mother country. Be this as it may, the Britiſh colonies having not only enjoyed civil and religious liberty under their charters, from the earlieſt moment of their reſpective eſtabliſhments, but alſo very expenſive ſupplies and protection from the Britiſh parliament, and having been thereby reared up to great wealth, power, and grandeur, without any repreſentation therein, are legally bound to pay their equable ſhare of the taxes of the Britiſh empire, whether they are repreſented therein, or not; for this is no more than their preſtation of their part of a formal, and homologated contract, all the invaluable benefits whereof they have received from a preſtation of the the other part by Britain, the other contracting party; no more than their ſtipulated quit-rent, the not payment whereof eſſentially implies immediate forfeiture of all their poſſeſſions to Britain, their ſuperior; no more than the juſt price of what they have received, and ſo long and happily poſſeſſed. This being no longer a *res integra*, the rebel colonies fall to be caſt for coſts and damages. To decide otherwiſe would be to adjudge both the purchaſe and the price to them, with equal abſurdity and injuſtice. If Britain ſhould cede to plain and important a right as that of taxing her colonies equably, it muſt be the effect either of free choice, or of neceſſity; in the former of which caſes, it would be abſolute inſanity; in the latter, it would be a confeſſed incapacity of ſelf-defence, and in both an infallible ſymptom of impending national ruin.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

HISTORY *of* PHILEDONES.

THE moraliſts of every age agree in this point, that example is more forcible than precept. To which may be added, that in the ſame degree in which example exceeds precept, experience is ſuperior to example.

After all the lucubrations of philoſophers, the menaces of legiſlators, and the exhortations of divines, the world ſtill abounds with inſtances of the ill effects of miſconduct, ſo numerous and ſtriking as to force attention. But if precept or example could have reformed mankind, we ſhould by this time only read of the fatal vices of ambition, of envy, of avarice, or of luſt, in the obſolete invective of ſome ſplenetic ſatiriſt. We ſtill, however, ſee the votary of pleaſure tread the path which led his companion to pain and ignominy: we ſtill ſee the brow wrinkled with the toils of acquiring wealth, the eye clouded with malice at the view of ſuperiority, and the heart palpitating after thoſe honours and diſtinctions, which drew upon the former poſſeſſor envy and ſolicitude.

The hardy votaries of the more manly vices, ambition, avarice, or envy, are not to be reclaimed by feeling the inconveniencies of their purſuits. The miſer, it is true, does not participate the joys of ſocial converſe, nor taſte the feaſt of luxury, nor recline in the ſoftneſs of indolence; but he rejoices in a favourable change in the price of ſtocks, and learns

to forget the abſence of real enjoyment. Hope leads on the ambitious, and teaches him to ſmile at miſcarriages and diſappointments; and even the envious may, at the ſight of the ill fortune of another, ſometimes feel delight. Thus even experience of the evils attending their ſeveral vices, does not incline the more inveterate ſlaves of paſſion to a reformation, becauſe there ſtill remains ſome fancied equivalent happineſs to compenſate the want of the common ſatisfactions of life, which their purſuits exclude. With theſe, neither precept, nor example, nor experience, operate.

There are however ſome, who, tho' blind to precept and example, may yet, with proper attention to themſelves, be reſtored to eaſe and happineſs by perſonal experience. Theſe are the gay race of mortals, who flutter in the regions of pleaſure, ranſack every roſe in ſearch of honey, and live but to be delighted. Theſe halcyon beings are commonly youthful; and the ſame flow of ſpirits which renders them deaf to inſtruction, and blind to example, occaſions a finer ſenſibility of the evils of experience. To theſe, it may not be a loſt labour to addreſs an admonition, that they would ſtop their career when they perceive they have loſt their road; and that they would at laſt turn to the right path, when they have felt the miſeries of their miſtake.

From the reſtraint of ſcholaſtic diſcipline, and the honeſt emulation of a ſchool-boy, PHILEDONES entered into a ſtate of idleneſs and diſſipation in one of our univerſities. On his firſt aſſociation with the younger members of his ſociety, he could not but obſerve, that he was received with an univerſal ſneer of contempt. His penetration was too acute, to remain long ignorant of the cauſe of his inſignificancy. A head adorned with nothing but what nature had given, a few lank locks of hair, and a coat with ſkirts full two inches longer than the το πρεπον, the faſhion of the times, had rendered him an object of ridicule. As he had too much ſagacity not to diſcover his defect, ſo had he too much ſpirit not to apply an immediate remedy. The moſt faſhionable taylor is inveſtigated. A ſuit is prepared with the niceſt art. The dapper abilities of the tonſor are exerted on his head. He is compleatly equipped. His heart glows, and he haſtens to his companions. Elevated with the agreeable reception he meets with, he reſolves to aſpire to the exalted character of a leader of the *Bon Ton* among his brother academics.

In proportion as he grew fonder of his gay companions, it was obſervable, that the leſs time he dedicated to cultivate an acquaintance with his old friends in leathern coats. The Mæonian was diſcarded for a ſcheme of pleaſure, and the predicaments of the Stagirite poſtponed for a chearful glaſs.

Hitherto he retained ſo much of the ſchool-boy, as to be content with diverſions, which, though trifling, were not vicious. As his connections increaſed, his views enlarged: and he diſcovered, that in order to complete the man, it was neceſſary to be diſtinguiſhed by ſome exploit, above the abilities of a puling ſchool-boy. Without the inſtigation of paſſion, he became a debauchee; and without the love of wine, a drunkard.

At length, he appeared in a new character. The innocent gaiety of natural chearfulneſs was now to be ſupplied by a forced ſmile, and a conſtrained levity. Sorry for his conduct, he had not fortitude to amend it. Reluctant he returns to pleaſures he deteſts, and plunges into vice to drown ſenſibility.

This was the important criſis at which a retreat was practicable. Experience had ſhewn him enough of vice to make him abhor, and habit had not ſo cloſely chained him, as to render him unable to forſake it.

Philedones, by a frequent repetition of his more licentious pleaſures, began to loſe that diffidence which ever attends a novice in the ways of vice. He could not help wondering at his own childiſhneſs, when he called to mind his late fears and uneaſineſs. He was ſtill farther confirmed by the careleſs jollity of his comrades, moſt of whom, being much older than himſelf, had long forgotten the bluſh of modeſty, and the fears of innocence. Our hero could not brook ſuperiority of any kind. He ſoon equalled the firſt men of his ſociety in all the accompliſhments of conſummate libertiniſm. Sometimes the body yields before the mind: Philedones was ſeized with a fever, and pronounced to be at the point of death.

It is a true remark, that we are never ſo good as when we lie on the bed of ſickneſs. Philedones, with a frequent

ſigh, declared the vanity of pleaſure, lamented the folly of youth, and reſolved, if heaven ſhould permit him to recover from diſeaſe, to be a zealot in the cauſe of virtue. The phyſicians gave hopes, and in a few weeks Philedones was well.

Here was another opportunity of returning to the calm and innocent life of a man of letters, his original deſtination. The paſſions were aſleep, the force of habit had been overpowered, and every allurement was at a diſtance. Philedones embraced the happy minute, felt himſelf glow with a ſenſe of his own amendment, and in ſhort was happy.

He was no ſooner reſtored to health and vigour, than his acquaintance flocked around him with compliments of congratulation. Philedones, at firſt, received them with all the coldneſs of a man who attributed all his errors to their encouragement and example. The want of his uſual frankneſs of ſalutation, they attributed to the imbecillity of a recent indiſpoſition. They repeated their viſits; Philedones regained his ſpirits, and eagerly returned to his forſaken friends.

And now he was completely armed againſt every attack of inward remorſe, and every reproof of the friends of virtue. The vices he had hitherto indulged himſelf in, appeared trifling and deſpicable: but his genius, however comprehenſive, ſoon found ſufficient buſineſs and entertainment at the gaming-table. The rapid ſucceſſion of hope and fear gave ſuch exerciſe to his mind, that in a ceſſation from the dice-box he found life inſipid and unſupportable. The bottle is a conſtant reſource to that part of mankind, who ſtudy the various arts of loſing time—the moſt valuable of all poſſeſſions. The whole employment of Philedones now conſiſted in ſhaking the dice, and filling the glaſs. The former, as he was unſucceſsful, impaired his fortune; the latter, his conſtitution.

To recount the various alternatives of ſucceſs, of elation and depreſſion, would be an endleſs taſk. Suffice it to ſay, that he played away a competent eſtate, which might have afforded a ſweet retreat in a peaceful old age; that he ruined a conſtitution which might have rendered him happy in himſelf and uſeful to others; that he lived a wretch, and died unlamented.

Strictures on an Eſſay on ancient and modern Eloquence.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IN your Magazine of 18th March [p. 275.] you give us an abſtract from a publication, intitled, *Eſſay on the Inferiority of Modern to Ancient Eloquence*, taken from a *certain author*. Who this author is I wiſh you had informed us, or given us at leaſt ſome more particular account of his Eſſay; and, indeed, Mr Printer, I take this opportunity, by the bye, of ſignifying to you, not only my own wiſh, but that of ſeveral of your readers, that of the abſtracts you give from authors, eſſays, papers, &c. you will give us ſome information by way of title, from what book, author, &c. or from whence your abſtract is taken; and, if poſſible, what character it bears, or how it has been received by the public.—I mean now after this preface to examine the abſtract from this *certain author*.

AMONGST the preſent amuſements of the age, that of eſſay-writing, letters, papers, &c. ſeems to be one of the moſt rational; and to the gentlemen of your profeſſion, for the *obſtetric* aſſiſtance you give in bringing ſuch clandeſtine offſpring to the world, has the public been often obliged. Some of theſe productions have proved themſelves to be the legitimate offſpring of good ſenſe, true humour, and ſound criticiſm, while others, in ſpite of the airs they aſſume, carry evident marks of their ſpurious birth. I lately endeavoured to expoſe one of the laſt tribe, who was pleaſed to ſtrut about in the character of defender of the writings of David Hume, Eſq;—I ſhall beg leave to take under review the above eſſay on the difference between the *ancient and modern eloquence*; and thus he ſtates the queſtion.

"How comes it to paſs," ſays he, "that eloquence, which once was able to inflame the mind, to change fixed reſolutions, and to manage the paſſions at will, ſhould now be found ridiculous and ineffectual? In order to make the queſtion as clear as poſſible, let us for a moment introduce Cicero into the houſe of commons; let us imagine him wiping his brow with the ſudarium, ſtamping on the ground, and, in ſhort, let us ſuppoſe him in the middle of his ſecond Philippic.

In the mean time, let us caſt our eyes upon the ſenators, and then anſwer the queſtion, how it happens, that, inſtead of an univerſal tremor and a general aſtoniſhment, nothing is to be obſerved but indifference and contempt?

"To ſatisfy ourſelves in this enquiry, let us remember, that the houſe of commons is a learned body; but that the ſenate of Rome, in the age of Cicero, conſiſted, as we may collect from the monuments of thoſe times, of men ſenſible indeed, and virtuous, but not much verſed in the ſchools of the philoſophers. A flouriſhing harangue addreſſed to the former, alarms their jealouſy. Acquainted with the ſubterfuge of artificial oratory, they reſent the inſolence of the ſpeaker, who imagines they are ſimple enough to be miſled by his rhetoric. The latter, unſuſpecting that power which, to uſe Milton's phraſe, can make the better cauſe appear the worſe, look upon the vehement effuſions of Cicero's eloquence as the genuine effects of a ſincere conviction. This, perhaps, may account for the different conſequences of the ſame degree of excellence in oratory, when addreſſed to a Britiſh parliament and a Roman ſenate."

The concluſion, then, which this modern *Ariſtarchus* draws from this new and amazing piece of criticiſm is, that the univerſal applauſe which the eloquence of Cicero obtained, was entirely owing to the want of refinement, taſte and learning in his auditors! The *inferiority* of the *Senate of Rome* to *our Houſe of Commons!* For, *mark reader*, his reaſon! "The houſe of commons is a learned body, but the ſenate of Rome, in the age of Cicero, conſiſted, as we may collect, from the monuments of thoſe times, of men *ſenſible* indeed *and virtuous*, but not much verſed in the ſchools of the philoſophers."

Would not one, from this, imagine that the æra of Cicero, according to our critic, had been amongſt the early and illiterate ages of Rome! and that the *monuments*, which he has collected, to make out this wonderful diſcovery, had been the works *of Fabius Pictor*, the *Libri Lintei*, or the *Sybilline books*, newly dug out from the ruins of *Herculaneum*.

Well then, according to our author, the age of Cicero was an illiterate age, ſince the ſenate of Rome conſiſted of men *ſenſible* and *virtuous*, but illiterate. Monſtrous this! The *Ciceronian age* an *illiterate age*. The *ſenate* at that time *not verſant* in the ſchools of *philoſophy!* Has our critic forgot the great names who then figured in the Roman ſenate? The *Catos*, *Cæſars*, *Pompeys*, *Lucullus*, *Antonius*, *Craſſus*, &c. all of them, as well as Cicero, orators and writers of the firſt rank, in that bright age, the moſt illuminated that ever appeared in the annals of mankind, and equal to the *Auguſtan*, of which it may be reckoned a part, or the ſame. Does this great critic want to know from what monuments I have collected this? let me aſk him, Did he never hear of a Roman ſenator yclept *C. Criſpus Salluſtius*, the elegant author of Catiline's Conſpiracy, who has preſerved to us the orations of Cæſar and Cato? Hath the Commentaries of that Cæſar been even equalled by any ſimilar compoſition of the moderns? Or which of the moderns have exceeded Cicero in his *Dialogues de Oratore*, his *Epiſtolæ ad Amicos*, or his philoſophic writings?

As abſurd, or ignorant, does this critic ſhow himſelf in the other part of the character he is pleaſed to give of the ſenators of Rome in the days of Cicero—that although they were not verſant in philoſophy or polite literature, yet he is pleaſed to ſay, they were *virtuous*. Does not the moſt ſuperficial reader in Roman hiſtory know, that from the ſecond Punic war the Romans began to degenerate from their ancient virtue and morals, and that in the age of Cicero, luxury, and vices of all kinds, had not only infected the ſenate and people of higher rank, but had overſpread the whole empire! Cato and Cicero alone may be looked upon as almoſt the only examples of virtue in that vicious age. Salluſt, who himſelf was expelled the ſenate on account of his profligate manners, draws a character of thoſe times, from which I ſhall only tranſcribe the following paſſage.—"Quibus mihi videntur ludibrio fuiſſe divitiæ, quippe quas honeſte habere licebat, abuti per turpitudinem properabant. Sed lubido ſtupri, ganeæ, ceterique cultus non minor inceſſerat: viros pati muliebria, mulieres pudicitiam in propatulo habere; veſcendi cauſa, terra marique, omnia exquirere, domire prius quam ſomni cupido eſſet, non famem aut ſitim, neque frigus neque laſſitudinem apperiri, ſed ea omnia luxu antecapere." Such was the age of Cicero, which our author has, from his reading, found out to be virtuous!

I ſhall leave to the learned reader to

draw the paralell between the Roman ſenate in the age of Cicero, and the preſent houſe of commons of Great Britain. I may only be allowed to ſay, that the moſt eloquent ſpeakers at preſent in the Britiſh ſenate, will have no injuſtice done them to ſay, that from the models of Cicero and Cæſar, they ſhow themſelves the able ſcholars of ſuch maſters! that there are ſome fine ſpeakers in the Britiſh parliament, is univerſally allowed; yet it is certainly the caſe, that in ſeveral parts of the art of oratory they fall ſhort of the ancients, particularly in geſticulation. What force that, added to eloquence, has, we feel from ſeeing and hearing a *Garrick*, and other great tragedians. Not but the geſture proper for the ſtage would be quite improper for the ſenate. And although Cicero tells us he admired and ſtudied the action of Roſcius, yet from this we are to infer only, that he animated his oration with ſome of the graceful motions of the hand, copied from that pathetic maſter of the ſtage. In ſuch an attitude we ſee this great orator accordingly repreſented in the admirable ſtatue of him ſtill preſerved entire in the muſeum at Oxford, waving a ſcroll in his right hand ſtretched out. Were our modern orators, in place of keeping their hands by their ſides, and bending their bodies in a continued vibration forward and back again, to add the graceful motion of the hands alternately, and alſo to give emphaſis to their periods, they would come nearer to the perfection of the art of oratory and elocution.

I ſhould not have taken the trouble to ſay ſo much, were it not to check, in ſome degree, the prevailing rage of writing, which now-a-days prompts every ſmatterer to try his hand, particularly in criticiſm. *Scribimus indocti doctique*—Says Juvenal; then why not I as well as others? Be it ſo, but don't ſet up for a critic, to miſlead ſimple folks to follow you, in giving judgment againſt ſome of the greateſt names of antiquity, and in writing on a ſubject of which it is plain you are no judge.

TOBIAS SIMPLE.

An Eſſay on the Honour of the Hangman's Office. By the late Henry Fielding, *Eſq;* [*Written in the year* 1746.]

THERE are, perhaps, no officers in a commonwealth of more real dignity than thoſe which are concerned in the execution of juſtice: and accordingly we ſee moſt of theſe in every government arrayed with the higheſt enſigns of authority, and regarded with the greateſt marks of honour.

There is one, however, which, though it be the moſt neceſſary of all (being indeed the conſummation, and what completes and perfects the whole) is, by a ſtrange perverſion, generally treated with the utmoſt ridicule and contempt, and the perſon who officiates is vilified and degraded as the loweſt member of ſociety. My reader muſt immediately gueſs I mean the hangman, or, as he is called, for diſtinction's ſake, the executioner; though it is certain that without this great officer of ſtate (for ſo in reality he is), judges would ſoon be treated as jack-puddings, and laws themſelves become the objects of ſcorn and deriſion.

Mr Tournefort, in his voyages, tells us of a certain iſland in the Archipelago, where the inhabitants are ſo ſenſible of the dignity of the office, that it is juſtly reputed among them as the moſt honourable in the whole commonwealth, and a gentleman there is as proud of reckoning a hangman amongſt his anceſtors, as in other countries men are to derive their ſtems from the nobility themſelves.

And in however opprobrious a light we ourſelves may view this office, our forefathers clearly regarded it in a different manner at its original inſtitution. Nay, even at this day, the high ſheriff of the county is properly the executioner, and muſt, if he can find no deputy, tuck up with his own hands, which is, probably, the reaſon that of late years perſons of great fortune have declined this office, and little men have been obliged to purchaſe the honour at an expence which they have been hardly able to ſupport.

It may ſeem, therefore, ſomewhat difficult to account for the unmerited contempt with which this high office is treated by moſt nations. In England, indeed, where every perſon and thing is valued by money, the low ſalary, or fee, which is annexed to his office, to wit, thirteen-pence halfpenny per head, may be a ſufficient reaſon for the diſhonour affixed to it. But what ſhall we ſay of other countries, where it is a place of conſiderable profit, and yet is held in no higher eſteem. In France, though the hangman be uſually as well dreſſed a man as any in the kingdom, he is, nevertheleſs, infamous, nor can with ſafety mix

in the company of gentlemen. In a certain part of Germany the hangman is at preſent the richeſt perſon in the whole principality, and yet cannot marry a beautiful only daughter to any man in it. Nay, even the Dutch, whoſe God is gold, agree to treat their deity with diſreſpect in the poſſeſſion of their executioner.

To ſay the truth, there ſeems to be ſomewhat of very deep and refined policy at the bottom of this: for by this device of caſting infamy on the hangman and his office, great men have been principally enabled to eſcape from his clutches.

Notwithſtanding this the novelty of my conceit, let the reader, before he rejects it, conſider firſt whether he can invent any other argument againſt hanging a great man for the ſame crime for which a little one ſuffers that fate; but that this death is baſe and infamous, and beneath the quality of a gentleman. Secondly, whence the infamy of this death, but from the infamy of him who inflicts it? Would it otherwiſe be more ſcandalous for a man to be hanged, than to be univerſally known to deſerve it? Why elſe ſhould the infamy be transferred from the crime to the puniſhment, and in thoſe puniſhments only which this officer inflicts!

The hangman, therefore, is excluded from all good company, and his office is repreſented as low and mean, in order to inſtil into the people a perſuaſion that the objects of it are only the loweſt vulgar, and that greatneſs and the gallows are incompatible ideas: an opinion which has prevailed ſo greatly, that the phraſe is in every one's mouth—"Such a one is too great to be hanged."

I might corroborate the above conjecture by another maxim of politics, which is to depreſs and expel out of ſociety any perſon whom you have defrauded or injured, leſt he ſhould attain ſufficient power and intereſt to do himſelf juſtice. Now can any man doubt but that the hangman is commonly the moſt injured in his property of any perſon whatever? Who do not know that whole bodies of men have been juſtly his due without his receiving one individual of their number? Can any man conceive that this could happen, or that he would ſit tamely down contented with ſuch injuſtice, if he had acceſs to, and intereſt with other great men in the kingdom, to which the dignity of his office ſo well entitles him? Nay, gentlemen would themſelves be aſhamed, when they looked on him as their equal, to defraud him in ſo barefaced a manner; for even the greateſt perſons do ſome ſort of juſtice among themſelves, and pay their debts of honour to each other. I have now a great man in my eye, who, if the hangman had a fair opportunity of ſtating the caſe to him, hath not ſufficient abilities to refute, nor, I believe, impudence enough to deny the juſtice of his claim. I am, indeed, convinced there are more perſons, who, in ſuch a caſe, would be aſhamed of not being hanged, than ever were aſhamed of being ſo.

In reality, the ſcandal lies not in ſuffering, but in eſcaping from puniſhment. Nay, this purges the offence, and the guilty man who hath undergone the ſentence allotted to his crime, becomes again *rectus in curia*. On which account ſome of the civilians have very gravely and wiſely recommended to offenders to ſurrender themſelves to the magiſtrates, confeſs their delinquencies, and, as my ſchoolmaſter uſed to ſay, take their puniſhment quietly. Indeed while men are governed by ambition, vanity, avarice, and other genteel paſſions, it will be very difficult, if not impoſſible, for them to avoid the commiſſion of crimes; but to be hanged for them is in every man's power, if he be not a ſlave to that ſcoundrel paſſion, fear, whoſe dominion no gentleman will own.

And what man of honour can ſubmit to the baſeneſs of fearing about a life which is forfeited to the hangman? Who can ſurvey his perſon with pleaſure in a glaſs, however well dreſſed or ornamented it may be, when he conſiders it is the property of Jack Ketch, if he be ſo low a perſon as he is vulgarly reputed? On the contrary, if his office entitles him to that rank and dignity which I have contended to be his due, what man of honour is at liberty to refuſe a gentleman whom he hath injured ſatisfaction?

I intended at the concluſion of this paper to have recommended this ſatisfaction which the French call *amende honourable*, to ſome particular perſons; but as I have no room for half the names and titles which occur to me, I ſhall defer this to ſome other opportunity. I ſhall therefore confine myſelf at preſent to one ſet of men whom I muſt earneſtly deſire to deliver themſelves immediately into the hands of the great officer of juſtice above-mentioned, as not only their own

honour, but the good of the public abſolutely require it.

I believe no honeſt man can entertain the leaſt doubt but that perſons who endeavour to embroil their country in domeſtic factions at this ſeaſon, when it is not only in the utmoſt danger from external enemies, but a flame actually ſubſiſts within her own bowels, who miſrepreſent the meaſures, clog the wheels of government, and oppoſe the beſt friends which the public have ever ſeen in power; who, under a moſt impudent pretence to a zeal for liberty, are clandeſtinely undermining her very foundation: I ſay, no man can doubt but that all ſuch perſons deſerve to be hanged.

The WHIMSICAL INTERVIEW. *A Genuine Story.*

SIR James Freelove is a perſon of very conſiderable property in the funds, beſides being in poſſeſſion of a landed eſtate of near ten thouſand a-year. He nevertheleſs makes no ſaving, nor ever thinks of improving his eſtate or racking his tenants. The ſole object of his life is pleaſure, and as he entertains that erroneous opinion in common with many debauchees, that every female has her price, he has relinquiſhed all thoughts of matrimony, and looks upon the beautiful part of the whole ſex as his ſultanas.—In this opinion he frequently expends very conſiderable ſums in chimerical purſuits, and is often the dupe of his own vanity.

He has a truſty valet who poſſeſſes thoſe talents that juſtly entitle him to be ſtiled an excellent pimp; indeed his genius is very fertile in negociations of this kind. As he has a ſmattering of poetry, and writes tolerable Engliſh, he is Sir James's laureat and ſecretary in all his amorous correſpondence, as well as his perſonal negociator upon theſe occaſions. It is true this is frequently a buſineſs of danger; but he has courage enough to brave it, and as he is *un homme a tout faire*, he ſticks at nothing that will promote the buſineſs.

As a ſpecimen of his abilities in this line, we ſhall mention a few anecdotes that have come to our knowledge, which will tend to illuſtrate the character of this truſty valet, Maſter Martin. It may be neceſſary to premiſe that he is about thirty, genteel in his perſon, and poſſeſſes a volubility of ſpeech, which never fails him. Some months ſince he had intelligence of a very pretty farmer's daughter near Hertford; he went down *incog.* (for ſtrange as it may appear, a valet may be *incog.*) and paſſed for a rich farmer in the north of England. He was equipped at all points to ſupport the deception, and among other requiſites a bag, with a conſiderable ſum in it, was not omitted. He ſoon found out the public houſe the farmer frequented in the neighbourhood, and failed not to reſort thither. A bowl of punch is very apt to dilate the ſecrets of the mind, and among other things he informed Martin that he had a very handſome daughter, and if he could but fix her in marriage, his heart would be at eaſe, and all his troubles in this world would be at an end. It is very common for old men to dwell upon favourite ſubjects, and the farmer failed not to expatiate upon his daughter's virtues and excellencies; nay, he went farther, he invited Martin to go home with him, taſte his ale, and ſee his daughter. The invitation, it may eaſily be imagined, was readily accepted, and they ſet forth, the one to exhibit, the other to *reconnoitre* the young gentlewoman's charms. Martin was amazingly ſtruck with her beauty; he was almoſt inclined to make love to her in earneſt, in behalf of his own dear perſon; but intereſt prevailed over his paſſion, and he reſolved to act as a faithful ſervant. He wrote to his maſter that very night, giving him a deſcription of Miſs P——, and requeſting his immediate preſence, to have ocular proof of his judicious choice. The baronet immediately attended, and was enamoured with the charming ſimplicity of Miſs P—. Martin now exhauſted his imagination for an expedient to carry her off, but old Argus was too attentive. The farmer had more than ſufficient reaſon to ſuſpect his deſign, and after Martin had paid Miſs P—— ſeveral viſits, in which he made the moſt ardent declarations of his paſſion in a ſtile ſuperior to that of a ruſtic, and to which her father had often liſtened, the latter came to this ſhort explanation, "if he meant honourably, to declare himſelf at once." A categorical anſwer was required immediately, and Martin found himſelf ſo circumſtanced, that he muſt either give up his prize, or ſubmit to the hard terms preſcribed. He boldly accepted, and they were actually married.—They ſet out to conſummate their nuptials at Hertford, where Sir James

was planted. After ſupper the bride and bridegroom retired to reſt, and when the candles were extinguiſhed, the baronet came forward from his retreat in an adjacent room, and ſupplied Martin's place. The deluded fair one found too late the deception. Martin decamped early in the morning, and left his maſter in poſſeſſion of his prize. Terrified and aſhamed at her ſituation, overwhelmed with ſorrow, ſhe had not the fortitude to reſiſt the tempting offers the baronet made her, and yielded to his propoſal of retiring to a pleaſant villa he had in that neighbourhood.

Martin was not always ſucceſsful in theſe infamous purſuits, as the following ſtory will prove.—Miſs M———, a beautiful young lady, had not long been married to Mr D———n, a gentleman of ſmall fortune, whoſe chief expectations were founded on levee dangling, hitherto without ſucceſs; Sir James thought he ſhould find an eaſy conqueſt in Mrs D———n, and having written a paſſionate epiſtle to her, in which he gave her a carte blanche, Martin was diſpatched with it to attend her. By dint of bribery, he gained admiſſion in the abſence of her huſband and brother. Mrs D———n was at firſt greatly aſtoniſhed at the contents of the letter; but, having recovered her preſence of mind, bid him return in an hour, when ſhe would give him an anſwer. Martin, highly elated at this imaginary ſucceſs, flew to his maſter with the joyful tidings, and returned moſt punctually at the time appointed. A truſty ſervant in the houſe was admitted into the ſecret, and Martin was introduced to the lady in the preſence of her huſband and brother. "Sir," ſaid ſhe to Martin, who was greatly confounded, pointing to her huſband, "this is my ſecretary, with whom I entruſt all my ſecrets, and he will give you a proper anſwer." Mr D———n now produced the letter, and aſked him if he had not delivered that paper to his wife. Martin inſtantly fell upon his knees and implored mercy, declaring he was ignorant of the contents of the billet, or he would certainly never have brought it; but this palliation had no effect; the ſervants were called, and he received a proper chaſtiſement for his inſolence and villainy, which now confines him to his bed, where he may probably remain for ſome weeks: and Mr D———n is in ſearch of Sir James, in order to beſtow a ſimilar reward on him.

The following humorous Adventure of a Marriage negociated by a Bill of Exchange, in one of the Engliſh *Iſlands in* America, *was received by a Veſſel from* Jamaica, *dated* Kingſton, *January* 26. 1750-1.

A MERCHANT in Jamaica, originally from London, having acquired a great fortune in that iſland, concluded with himſelf, he could not be happy in the enjoyment of it, unleſs he ſhared it with a woman of merit, and knowing none to his fancy, he reſolved to write to a worthy correſpondent of his at London. He knew no other ſtile than what he uſed in his trade; therefore, treating affairs of love as he did his buſineſs, after giving his friend, in a letter, ſeveral commiſſions, and reſerving this for the laſt, he went on thus:—"Item, ſeeing that I have taken a reſolution to marry, and that I do not find a ſuitable match for me here, do not fail to ſend me next ſhip bound hither a young woman of the qualification and form following: as for portion I demand none; let her be of an honeſt family; between twenty and twenty-five years of age; of a middle ſtature, and well proportioned; her face agreeable, her temper mild, her character blameleſs, her health good, and her conſtitution ſtrong enough to bear the change of the climate, that there may be no occaſion to look out for a ſecond, through lack of the firſt ſoon after ſhe comes to hand, which muſt be provided againſt as much as poſſible, conſidering the great diſtance and the dangers of the ſea. If ſhe arrives, and conditioned as above ſaid, with the preſent letter indorſed by you, or, at leaſt, an atteſted copy thereof, that there may be no miſtake or impoſition, I hereby oblige and engage myſelf to ſatisfy the ſaid letter, by marrying the bearer at fifteen days ſight. In witneſs whereof, I ſubſcribe this, &c."

The London correſpondent read over and over the odd article which put the future ſpouſe on the ſame footing with the bales of goods he was to ſend to his friend, and after admiring the prudent exactneſs of the American, and his laconic ſtile, in enumerating the qualifications which he inſiſted on, he endeavoured to ſerve him to his mind. After many enquiries, he thought he had found a lady fit for his purpoſe in a young perſon of a reputable family, but with no fortune, good humoured, and politely educated, well ſhaped, and more than to-

lerably handſome. He made the propoſal to her as his friend had directed, and ſhe, having no ſubſiſtence but from a fretful old aunt, who gave her a great deal of uneaſineſs, accepted it. A ſhip bound for Jamaica was then fitting out at Briſtol: the lady went on board the ſame, together with the bales of goods, being well provided with all neceſſaries, and particularly with a certificate in due form, and indorſed by the correſpondent. She was alſo included in the invoice, the laſt article of which ran thus:—"Item, a maid of twenty-one years of age, of the quality, ſhape, and condition as per order; as appears by the affidavits and certificates ſhe has to produce."——The writings which were thought neceſſary to ſo exact a man as the future huſband, were an extract from the pariſh regiſter, a certificate of her character ſigned by the curate, an atteſtation of her neighbours, ſetting forth that ſhe had for the ſpace of three years lived with an old aunt who was intolerably peeviſh, and that ſhe had not, during all that time, given her aunt the leaſt occaſion of compliant: and laſtly, the goodneſs of her conſtitution was certified, after conſultation, by four noted phyſicians. Before the lady's departure, the London correſpondent ſent ſeveral letters of advice by other ſhips to his friend, whereby he informed him, that per ſuch a ſhip he conſigned to him a young woman of ſuch an age, character, conſtitution, &c.—in a word, ſuch a one as he deſired to marry. The letters of advice, the bales, and the lady came ſafe to the port, and our American, who happened to be one of the foremoſt on the pier at the lady's landing, was charmed to ſee a handſome perſon, who, having heard him called by his name, ſaid to him, "Sir, I have a bill of exchange upon you, and you know that it is not uſual for people to carry a great deal of money about them in ſuch a long voyage as I have now made; I beg you will be pleaſed to pay it." She then gave him his correſpondent's letter, on the back of which was written, "The bearer of this is the ſpouſe you ordered me to ſend you." "Ha! madam!" ſaid the American, I never yet ſuffered my bills to be proteſted, and I ſwear this ſhall not be the firſt. I ſhall reckon myſelf to be the moſt fortunate of all men, if you will allow me to diſcharge it. "Yes, Sir," replied ſhe, "and the more willingly, ſince I am apprized of your character. We had ſeveral perſons of reputation on board who knew you very well, and who, during my paſſage, anſwered all the queſtions I aſked, relating to you, in ſo ſatisfactory a manner that they raiſed in me a ſincere eſteem for you." This firſt interview was, in a few days afterwards, followed by the nuptials, which were very magnificent. The new married couple are perfectly contented with their union made by a bill of exchange, and it was the moſt fortunate one that had happened in that iſland for many years.

MOMUS; *or, The* LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

The GENTLEMAN COACHMAN.

'TIS a point not eaſily to be decided, whether the vices or the follies of the preſent age are moſt numerous; but it is very certain that the *latter* greatly contribute to the increaſe of the former; and as *extravagance* (in every ſenſe of the word) ſeems to be the predominant paſſion among all ranks of men, I ſhall devote a *Paper* to it, in hopes of being ſerviceable to ſome of my *faſhionable* Readers, by laughing them out of thoſe follies againſt which *Reaſon* would *remonſtrate*—would *petition*, in vain. When we find people of large fortunes ſeized with a furious propenſity to live beyond their incomes, and throwing away not only their own money, but the property of others, by not paying their *debts of juſtice* (though ſcrupulouſly exact in the diſcharge of their *debts of honour*), can we wonder to ſee ſo many induſtrious tradeſmen unable, by all the arts they can think of, to ſupport their credit, without that caſh to which they are fairly intitled, but which they cannot procure from their *Honourable* and *Right Honourable debtors?* Can we wonder to ſee *them* reduced to poverty, and locked up in priſons, perhaps for their lives? Can we, at the ſame time, ſuppreſs our compaſſion?—I was led into this way of thinking by the obſervations I had lately an opportunity to make on the conduct of a young fellow poſſeſſed of a conſiderable fortune; a fortune ſufficient for the true enjoyment of life, in every ſhape, in the hands of a *rational* being; but *he* only renders himſelf contemptible by the abuſe of it.—This Genius of the *Whip*, for ſo he may properly be called, has a paſſion

for many follies, but his ſupreme delight is *driving*. In conſequence of this predilection, he has had a phaeton *built* in ſo *high* a *ſtile*, that one of the talleſt and moſt *upright* men with whom I am acquainted, can actually ſtand under it with his hat on, without greaſing the crown of his beaver againſt the bottom of this *heathen inconvenience*. My young *Jehu* keeps a girl in a ſtreet adjoining to that in which I live, and he ſometimes does the lady the honour to give her an airing in his elevated vehicle. My mirth, my compaſſion too is frequently excited, when I behold the poor creature, who is ſmall and delicately formed, clinging by her hands and feet, and crawling up the ſide of this exalted machine, till ſhe gains the ſeat to which ſhe is roughly invited. Her hero then, with his round hat, eight-ſhilling coat with nine capes, and five waiſtcoats, flouriſhes his long whip, and ſmacks her away at a tremendous rate; ſometimes, indeed, with ſo much velocity, in a duſky evening, that I have expected to ſee them brought home with broken bones, and diſlocated ſhoulders. It may indeed be fairly ſaid, that they *venture their necks*, and *ſwing in the air*, every time they mount the lofty carriage, which is ſo ſlightly conſtructed, (with as little ſteadineſs as the owner of it) that the *ejectment* of the Lady, at leaſt, thrown upon the hard ſtones in the ſtreets of London, or into a dirty ditch in its *environs*, would be no *ſurpriſing* ſight; and every body knows, that the more elevated the ſituation is, the more ſevere is the fall. In the conſtruction of this carriage, another ſtroke of folly is glaringly conſpicuous: a great part of it is ornamented with *mother of pearl*; ſo that if it meets with any accident, the reparation of it muſt be attended with a conſiderable expence.

In this manner our *Buck* amuſes himſelf as a *driver* by day: as ſoon as it is dark, he employs his leiſure hours in a way equally delectable. That they may not hang heavy on his hands, he then ſtrips into his flannel waiſtcoat, buttons on your true coachman's great coat, claps a round cauliflower caxon over his own hair, or a red worſted cap, and in this trim mounts the box of the firſt *Hack* he meets with, either putting in the fellow belonging to it, or leaving him at an ale houſe, while he plies at the ſtand. When he has taken up a fare, he drives as if the devil was in him, down all the narrow lanes and croſs-ſtreets with difficult turnings, by way of exerciſing his own coachmanſhip, and the patience of the paſſenger within; and to ſhew alſo his dexterity in the art of driving to an inch. He has often, indeed, carried people *nobody knows where*, late at night, and diverted himſelf with the panics into which he threw them: but he at laſt met with his match:—A few evenings ago, having taken his ſeat upon a ſtand, *not a hundred miles from Piccadilly*, a tall athletic figure called with a *Stentorian* voice, "Coach, coach."—*Smackum* immediately drew up, with the language, or rather *lingo* of the fraternity, whoſe manners as well as dreſs he adopted to a *hair*. In ſteps *Hercules*, and away drives *Phaeton*, rattling with rapidity over the ſtones, as if he would tear up the pavement in every ſtreet; the Gentleman *under his care* exclaiming frequently, "Not ſo faſt, you raſcal; not ſo faſt, I ſay: you will diſlocate all my joints."—To ſuch exclamations as theſe *Smackum* turned a deaf ear, and whipped his horſes on with redoubled vigour, making all the ſhort cuts with ſuch velocity, that he was at laſt accoſted with thundering tones, in this ſpirited ſtrain: "You d—d dog, is the devil in you? Why do you drive ſo curſed faſt? hey, you villain! You'll break every bone in my ſkin, d———n ſeize you!"—But even this lively *addreſs*, nervouſly delivered, was articulated in vain. —"Very well, maſter," replied his tormentor, flouriſhing his whip in the moſt knowing manner, and making the poor nags rear up, ſmarting under his liberal laſhes. By this time they reached Little Ruſſel-Street, juſt when the box company were coming from the entertainments of the evening: many were the carriages in waiting, and bright was the blaze occaſioned by a number of flambeaux, while the inferior frequenters of old *Drury*'s exhibitions were footing it along as well as they could by the light of plebeian links, toſſed about from ſide to ſide by the owners of them, in order to create confuſion, and to favour the operations of the pick-pockets, with whom they were cloſely connected. *Smackum* obſerving a gentleman's chariot rather out of the *line*, in *his* opinion, imagined that the overſetting of it would be no bad ſcheme. Accordingly, driving furiouſly againſt it, he tore off one of the wheels. Upon this rude aſſault on his chariot, the gentleman quitted it, to take a chair;

and the other in the hack removed himself from *his* ſeat, to take the *number* of the coach, that he might lodge a complaint at the *office*. To the office he repaired the next day, and told his tale, but gained no redreſs. The real owner of the coach proved an *alibi*; nothing, therefore, could be done with him in the way of caſtigation. The complainant, indeed, ſoon diſcovered, that the perſon who had driven him the preceding evening, was not a coachman by profeſſion, but a *gentleman who drove coaches for his diverſion*. Galled, however, by his diſappointment, he was determined to be revenged in ſome ſhape: he therefore watched his opportunity, and called the *gentleman* again, when he ſaw him take his ſtand, and ordered him to drive him to a place which he named, juſt in the ſkirts of the town. In this place there was a large *cow-layer*, rendered more than commonly poachy by the frequent ſhowers which had fallen during the winter-ſeaſon. He pulled the *check-ſtring*, but he pulled it to no purpoſe; the *gentleman-coachman* had paid no attention to that part of his duty. However, by dint of calling and bawling, he made him hear his voice at laſt, and availing himſelf of the neglect he had been guilty of, as a foundation for a quarrel, he caught him up, in the height of the debate, having greatly the advantage of him with regard to bodily ſtrength, and chucked him with the utmoſt eaſe into the cow-layer. In this degrading condition, though he had a ſoft bed to lie on, he kicked and flounced, and daſhed the mud about him for a conſiderable time.

Happening to be an eye-witneſs of this exploit, having juſt taken leave of a friend, whoſe houſe adjoins to the cow-keeper's, and as it was a very fine moon-light evening, I heard the corrector of our *fallitious coachman* ſay to himſelf, in a muttering tone, "Let all *gentlemen-drivers* be ſerved in this manner!" In conſequence of this little ſoliloquy, I ventured to accoſt him, imagining that he had a particular reaſon for his late uncommon procedure. I could not help expreſſing my curioſity upon the occaſion, and he gratified it without the leaſt heſitation, nearly in the way I have related; ſwearing, at the ſame time, that he would never ſtep into a carriage again, till he had well examined the fellow on the box, as he had run the riſk of his life, merely for the amuſement of a young gentleman, whom he had, in return, well ſluiced for *his own* diverſion. I returned a ſlight anſwer to his ſpeech, and walked on as faſt as I could, not knowing but that, as *gentlemen* have ſo many modes of amuſing themſelves, *he* might take a fancy to entertain himſelf at *my* expence, and convert my mirth into melancholy, by making me laugh very much out of character, on the *wrong ſide of my mouth*.

An infallible REMEDY *to cure the* ANGER *of a* BISHOP.

A CERTAIN curate who lived in a village of Tuſcany, was ſo fond of his dog, that when he died, he buried him in the church-yard.

The biſhop was determined to proſecute him for the profanation of holy ground.—The curate, who, knew the avaricious temper of the prelate, ſaid to him, "If your lordſhip did but know the ſenſe of the little animal, I am ſure you would think him a rational creature; would you believe it, my lord, he made his will juſt before he died, and left your lordſhip a purſe of ducats, and here they are?" The biſhop ſmiled at the curate's ingenuity, took the money, and forgave the ſacrilege.

ANECDOTES.

An INSTANCE *of* RIDICULOUS VANITY.

THE Family of Levi, in France, are ever boaſting of their antiquity, and trace their origin from Anne, the Mother of the Virgin Mary; they have an old picture, which is carefully preſerved in their chateau; in it is ſeen a gentleman in armour (an anceſtor of the family) on his knees to the Virgin Mary, who has a ſcroll iſſuing out of her mouth, on which is written—"Riſe, Couſin." On a ſcroll, coming from the mouth of the gentleman, are theſe words:—"Excuſe me, Couſin, I know my duty."

PISISTRATUS having loſt a virtuous wife, thought the beſt he could do to honour her memory, was to take another; when he was going to marry again, his children aſked him whether that proceeding of his was occaſioned by any diſcontent which he had received from them? "Far from it, replied he, I am ſo happy in you, that the only motive of my marrying again is, to have more children like you."

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

EFFUSIONS *of* SYMPATHY; *excited by viſiting a Country Church-yard in* ———. *Inſcribed to the Memory of Miſs* A. D.

TH' enliv'ning ſun has run his race,
And now withdraws his glad'ning face;
Light, with all its brilliant train,
Is fled towards the weſtern main.
Night drops her ſpacious curtain down,
Covers the hill, the dale, the town,
Obſcures the ſtars, and ambient ſky,
All lovely Nature ſeems to die.

With pleaſing form, and ſoul divine,
Thus mild, e'erwhile did Anna ſhine;
Fair virtue in her heavenly frame,
Its luſtre ſpread where'er ſhe came;
Painted with moral objects true,
Deeply affecting to the view.
Her early dawn ſhone fair and bright,
Clear and meek, as morning light,
Unſullied was her noon-tide day,
Pure and ſweet her parting ray.

But now, alas! as heretofore,
She ſhines in this dark ſphere no more.
Her animating beam declin'd,
A double night o'erwhelms my mind.
Creation, in its gayeſt ſtate,
Fails to conſole me for her fate.
How ſoon doth bliſs terreſtial fail!
How die away, like ſummer's gale!
Evaniſh, as the flying ſhade!
Or flower, which only ſmiles to fade.
Here, blooming hope, and dark deſpair,
Alternate rule, and bliſs impair;
Here good and ill maintain their ſtrife,
And death for ever wars with life.

Where now the ſoft inſpiring eye,
In which ſat ſmiling modeſty?
The feeling heart, the tender air?
The form ſo pleaſing, and ſo fair?
Alas! alas! the mournful tale,
Death, cruel death! his ſable veil,
Spread o'er this ſweetly ſmiling flow'r,
And lodg'd it in his duſky bow'r.

O thou! whoſe poiſ'nous deadly gall,
Blaſts ev'ry bliſs ſince Adam's fall,
How long ſhall thy tyrannic ſway
Angelic forms reduce to clay?
Father of all, who rules ſupreme,
O'er life, o'er death, o'er every name,
In worlds beneath, or worlds above,
Thou heav'nly Parent, God of love!
How long ſhall Death's relentleſs reign
Inſpire with grief, and tender pain,
Deſpoil creation's loveliеſt bloom,
And taint it with his dreary gloom?
Behold in ruins thy work divine,
Impriſon'd in this loneſome ſhrine;
Commiſerate the mournful ſtate
Of Nature's wreck, from Death's dire hate.

But ſhort th' unfeeling tyrant's reign,
Bind him with an eternal chain,
To dwell with everlaſting night,
No more to ravage life and light.
Then call thy offspring from the duſt,
Thy faithful cheering word I truſt;
To thee, her great original,
Thou ſource of life, and grace to all.

As thus my penſive darkſome mind,
Deplor'd the fair, the good, the kind,
A beam, emerging from her tomb,
Enlighten'd the ſurrounding gloom:
A radiant heav'nly form appear'd,
Diſtinctly, tho' with dread, I heard
His voice—he ſpoke as mild as ſweet,
And raiſ'd me gently from his feet.

"This ſacred tomb, with watchful care, I guard,
And keep from every ill my precious ward;
Be ſooth'd thy tender grief, thy fears diſpel,
And hearken, undiſmay'd, to what I tell.
"Sweetly moves on the glad illuſtrious day,
When time, and pain, and death, ſhall fly away,
As flies the gloom from the etherial ſky,
Before the ſun's benignant beaming eye;
Creation, then reſtor'd, ſhall ſmile again,
For ever freed from Death's malignant ſtain.

"Thy feeble generous praiſe, tho' juſt, forbear,
How tranſient is the fame that thou canſt rear?
Obſerve yon Meteor*—how ſwift it flies!
How bright it ſparkles! and how quick it dies!
Thus vain and fleeting is all human praiſe,
The empty ſong, perhaps, of a few days.

"But mark that diſtant ſun †, array'd in light,
With radiant glory op'ning on the ſight,
Whoſe equal beam illumes heav'n's ample dome,
And ſhall illume thro' ages yet to come;
So pure and permanent is praiſe divine,
For ever it ſhall laſt, for ever ſhine.
Therefore,
Sketch not her virtues on earth's mould'ring ſtone,
Be this her eulogy, and this alone.
To ſpeak her worth, her monument declines,
As conſcious, it already brightly ſhines.

* *An appearance in the ſky, vulgarly called a* Falling Star.

† *A fixed ſtar, each of which is ſuppoſed by aſtronomers, to be a body of the ſame nature as the ſun in our planetary ſyſtem; whoſe light and heat never abates, but continues the ſame through all ages.*

In regions, where Time's grating cank'ring ruft
Cannot prevail to turn the page to duft;
And where her virtues, filent on her tomb†,
Are now made known thro' heav'n's imperial dome.
Man's feeble, tranfient, dying praife is vain,
But the ETERNAL'S PLAUDIT fhall remain.

T. A. OTEE.

VERSES *written on the* TWENTY-FIFTH *of* MARCH, *being* QUARTER-DAY.

FROM Southern climes the God of Day
Returns to greet our ifle;
Bids Spring her infant hours difplay,
And wear an early fmile.

But there are thofe, for whom in vain
The brighteft profpect glows,
Who now lament in piteous ftrain
This day, a Day of Woes.

Behold the Wretch, whofe Lord fevere
Expels him from that home,
Which ufe'd his fimple heart to chear,
Thro' the wide world to roam.

Perhaps, fad partner of his flight,
He fhares a conjort's grief;
A prattling brood, his dear delight,
Now loft to all relief.

Hard is that heart which can refufe
Soft pity to th' oppreft;
Yet the ftern Landlord's felfifh views
To thefe can fteel his breaft.

If, where the tower'd cities rife,
The fearch we ftill purfue;
Where'er we turn our pitying eyes,
The fame fad fcene we view.

In times like thefe, be not forgot
Sweet Mercy's reft beheft!
Unpity'd be the guilty's lot,
But fpare the poor diftreft!

O fpare, ye Rich, thofe whom the front
Of Mifery marks for woe;
Nor let the "houfelefs Child of Want"
His pray'r in vain beftow!

So may your wealth, your ftores increafe,
As years glide fwift away;
Nor wretches' groans difturb your peace,
Breath'd forth on Quarter Day.

AEGON.

The DESPAIRING MUSICIAN. *An* ODE.

UNABLE to *difcant* in *treble* rhyme,
My ftrains *defpring*, and my pulfe out of *time*;
Of no *crotchet* or *note* my *flow* heart is poffeft.
Each jollity *paufes*, each fancy's at *reft*.

II.

Unnatural fate, too *difcordant* by far,
On all my gay *leffons* has *doubled* the *bar*;
Still *fharply repeats* it, denies my repofe,
And *flats* all my *meafures*, and *varies* my woes.

III.

When I bid her *move flow* then fhe *jigs* it away.
And *bafely* acts *counter* to all I can fay:
While raging I *ftrike* with a *treble* vexation,
And A—M‡ is the *tenor* of each lamentation.

IV.

My ideas, turn'd *grave*, *dance in concert* no more,
Or *beat* to thofe *movements* no *time* can reftore;
You *cliff* will I *fcale* that o'erlooks the *flat* plain,
Where a ftrong *chord* fhall end me, and with the *firft ftrain*.

A SONNET.

ROXANA, with enraptur'd eyes,
And heart no more my own, I faw;
Her cheeks diffus'd the brighteft dyes,
Her form betray'd no envious flaw.

When abfent, with exceſs I lov'd;
What paffions on my bofom prey'd!
How flow the jealous minutes mov'd,
That kept me from the heavenly maid!

But ah! fince cruel fortune gave
Her cheapen'd graces to my arms,
The padded ftays no more enflave;
The painted cheek no longer charms.

No more her face is peerleſs deem'd,
No more her ſlave I fuppliant bow;
And though fhe firſt a goddeſs feem'd,
I fcarcely ſtyle her woman now.

The BATCHELOR'S WISH.

One—FEMALE companion to ſoften my cares,
Two—Thouſand a-year to ſupport my affairs;
Three—Dogs and a gun when to ſport I incline,
Four—Horſes and chaiſe to indulge me and mine;
Five—Jolly companions with whom to make merry, (Sherry;
Six—Dithes each day, with ſix glaſſes of
Seven—Beds in my houſe, for my friends at their leiſure,
Eight—Something-or-other, to add to their pleaſure.
Nine—Pounds in my pocket when caſh I require; (fire,
Ten—Fevours are all that on earth I de-
And a paſſport to *heav'n* when from *earth* I retire!

† *See her Epitaph, Vol. xxxix. No. iii. P. 64.*

THE REVIEW.

A View of Society in Europe, *in its Progreſs from Rudeneſs to Refinement: or, Inquiries concerning the Hiſtory of Law, Government, and Manners. By* Gilbert Stuart, *LL. D.* [P. 44.]

OUR greateſt hiſtorians, lawyers, and antiquaries having been divided in opinion, whether the idea of fiefs were brought into England at the conqueſt, or were known in Anglo-Saxon times, Dr Stuart offers the following among other reaſons, to prove that our Saxon anceſtors were by no means ſtrangers to fiefs; it being only the tenure by knights ſervice which was introduced by the Norman.

"Many learned writers are poſitive, that the Anglo-Saxons were ſtrangers to fiefs, and that theſe were introduced into England by William Duke of Normandy. There are writers not leſs learned, who affirm that fiefs were not introduced into England by the Duke of Normandy, but prevailed among the Anglo-Saxons in the condition in which they were known under William. Great men range themſelves on each ſide of the queſtion, and I will not detract from their merits. But it will be permitted to me to expreſs my ſentiments.

"It cannot be true, that the Saxons, who ſettled in England, were ſtrangers to fiefs. For, in this caſe, they muſt have renounced the manners to which they had been accuſtomed in Germany. They muſt have yielded to views different from all the other Gothic tribes who made conqueſts. They muſt have adopted new and peculiar cuſtoms. And hiſtory has not remarked theſe deviations and this diſſimilarity.

"It cannot be true, that William the Norman introduced fiefs into England. The introduction of a ſyſtem ſo repugnant to all the inſtitutions which uſually govern men; which was to force into an uncommon direction both government and property; which was to hold out new maxims in public and in private life; which was to affect, in a particular manner, inheritance and eſtates; to give a peculiar form to juſtice and courts; to change the royal palace, and the houſeholds of gentlemen; to overturn whatever was fixed and eſtabliſhed in cuſtom and uſages; to innovate all the natural modes of thinking and of acting; could not poſſibly be the operation of one man, and of one reign.

"Let us not be deceived by names and by authorities. Fiefs were to run the ſame career in England which they had experienced in the other countries of Europe. They were to be at pleaſure and annual, for life, a ſeries of years, and in perpetuity; and, in all theſe varieties, they were to be exhibited in the Anglo-Saxon period of our ſtory. The hereditary grant, as well as the grant in its preceding fluctuations, was known to our Saxon anceſtors. Of this, the conformity of manners which muſt neceſſarily have prevailed between the Saxons, and all the other conquering tribes of the barbarians, is a moſt powerful and ſatisfactory argument. Nor is it ſingle and unſupported. Hiſtory and law come in aid to analogy; and theſe things are proved by the ſpirit and text of the Anglo-Saxon laws, and by actual grants of hereditary eſtates under military ſervice.

"It is, at the ſame time, not leſs true, that the ſtate of fiefs in England, under William the Norman, differed moſt eſſentially from their condition among the Anglo Saxons. The writers, therefore, who contend that they exiſted in the ages previous to Duke William, in the ſame form in which they appeared after his advancement to the crown, are miſtaken. For, under the Anglo-Saxon princes, no mention is made of thoſe feudal *ſeverities* which were to ſhake the throne under William and his ſucceſſors. Yet fiefs, under the Anglo-Saxons, in every ſtep of their progreſſion, muſt have been connected with thoſe feudal *incidents* which were the ſources of theſe ſeverities.

"This difficulty, which, on a ſlight obſervation, appears to be inexplicable, will yield to my principles. The varying ſpirit of the feudal aſſociation, which I have been careful to remark, accounts for it in a manner the moſt eaſy and the moſt natural. When the ſuperior and the vaſſal were friends, and their connection was warm and generous, the feudal incidents were acts of cordiality and affection. When they were enemies, and their connection was preſerved, not by the commerce of the paſſions and the heart, but merely by the tie of land, the feudal incidents were acts of oppreſſion

and severity. During the Anglo-Saxon times the affectionate state of the feudal association prevailed. During the times of Duke William, and his immediate successors, their hostile condition was experienced. Hence the mildness and happiness of our Saxon ancestors; hence the complaints and grievances of our Norman progenitors.

"This solution of a difficulty, which has been a fruitful source of mistake, is strongly confirmed by a peculiarity which I am now to mention, and which, in its turn, is to lead to the explication of a problem that has been alike perplexing to our antiquaries and historians.

"It was from Duke William down to King John, that the people of England were to complain loudly of the feudal severities; and, during this long period of outrage and lamentation, it was their incessant desire, that the laws of Edward the Confessor should be restored. It is, therefore, beyond all doubt, that the feudal severities were not heard of during the times of King Edward. The superior and vassal were then cordial and happy in each other. The feudal incidents were then expressions of generosity and attachment.

"But Duke William, who was to acknowledge, by his laws, the freedom of the English government, which he was to found by his administration, enacted, that the possessors of land should not be harrassed with unjust *exactions* and *tallages*. He thus promised an alleviation of the feudal severities. And, what seems constantly to have attended this promise, he formally restored and confirmed the laws of the confessor. In allusion to the same severities, William Rufus engaged to abstain from illegal aids and oppressions; and, in reference to the same customs of the confessor, he became bound to govern by mild and sanctified laws. Henry I. executed a celebrated charter, which contained direct mitigations of the feudal incidents, and he expressly restored and confirmed the laws of King Edward. Stephen gave a charter of liberties to the barons and people; and it was its purpose to bestow his sanction on the grant of Henry, and to confirm the good laws and customs of the confessor. With the same intentions, a charter of liberties was framed and granted by Henry II.

"These grants, though invaluable as ample and decisive testimonials of our ancient liberties, by their perpetual and anxious retrospection to the Saxon times, could not be carried into execution, and maintained in the purity of their intentions. The altered condition of manners, and of the feudal association, did not permit their exercise. Notwithstanding the high and independent spirit of the English nation, which occasioned these grants, the feudal severities were to continue. They prevailed under Duke William, under Rufus, under Henry I. under Stephen, and under Henry II. They were known under Richard I. And, in the age of king John, they became so exorbitant and so wild, from the eccentric and thoughtless nature of this capricious and despicable prince, that the barons and the people confederated to vindicate their liberties, and produced the Magna Charta, which, while it offered a limitation of the feudal rigours, was to be declaratory of the constitutional freedom that had distinguished this fortunate island from the earliest times.

"This constant connection of the complaints of the feudal severities, and the revival of the laws and customs of the confessor, from the age of Duke William to King John, is a most remarkable and important peculiarity. "What these laws were, of Edward the Confessor, says Mr Hume, which the English, every reign, during a century and a half, desired so passionately to have restored, is much disputed by antiquarians; and our ignorance of them seems one of the greatest defects in the ancient English history."

"The train of thinking into which I have fallen, points, with an indubitable clearness, to the explanation of this mystery. By the laws or customs of the confessor, that condition of felicity was expressed, which had been enjoyed during the Anglo-Saxon times, while the feudal incidents were expressions of generosity and friendship. These incidents, in the fortunate state of the feudal association, acting alike to public and private happiness, produced that equal and affectionate intercourse, of which the memory was to continue so long, and the revival to create such struggles. It was the cordiality, the equality, and the independence of this society and communication, which are figured by the laws or customs of the confessor, and which made them the fond objects of such lasting admiration, and such ardent wishes.

"But, while the times of Duke William and his successors were discrimina-

ted from thoſe of the confeſſor and the Anglo-Saxon princes, by the different ſtates they diſplayed of the feudal aſſociation, there is another circumſtance in the progreſs of fiefs, by which they were to be diſtinguiſhed more obviouſly.

" Knight-ſervice, which, in France, and in the other kingdoms of Europe, was introduced in the gentle gradation of manners, was about to be diſcovered in England, after the ſame manner, when the battle of Haſtings facilitated the advancement of William the Norman to the crown of the confeſſor. The ſituation of the Anglo-Saxons in an iſland, and the Daniſh invaſions, had obſtructed their refinement. In the memorable year 1066, when they loſt King Edward, and acquired Duke William, they knew the perpetuity of the fief; but they were altogether ſtrangers to knight-ſervice and a knight's fee. The duchy of Normandy, when granted to Rollo by Charles the Simple, in the year 912, had yet experienced all the viciſſitudes of fiefs. And William, being the ſixth prince in the duchy, was familiar with the moſt extended ideas of the feudal ſyſtem. Theſe he brought with him into England, and they were to govern and direct his conduct.

" The followers of Harold having forfeited their eſtates, they reverted to the crown. An immenſe number of lordſhips and manors being thus in the diſpoſal of William, he naturally gave them out after the forms of Normandy. Each grant, whether to a baron or a gentleman, was computed at ſo many fees; and each fee gave the ſervice of a knight. To the old beneficiary tenants, he was to renew their grants under this tenure. By degrees, all the military lands of the kingdom were to ſubmit to it. And with a view, doubtleſs, to this extenſion, the book of Domeſday was undertaken, which was to contain an exact ſtate of all the landed property in the kingdom. Inſtead, therefore, of bringing fiefs into England, this prince was only to introduce the laſt ſtep of their progreſs, the invention of the knights fee, or the tenure of knight-ſervice.

" In fact, it is to be ſeen in his laws, that he introduced *knight-ſervice*, and not *fefs*. Nor let it be fancied, that this improvement was made by his ſingle authority and the power of the ſword. His laws not only expreſs its enactment in his reign, but mention that it was ſanctioned with the conſent of the common council of the nation. It was an act of parliament, and not the will of a deſpot, that gave it validity and eſtabliſhment.

" The meaſure, it is to be conceived, was even highly acceptable to all orders of men. For a few only of the benefices of the Anglo-Saxon princes being in perpetuity, the greateſt proportion of the beneficiary or feudal tenants muſt have enjoyed their lands during life, or to a ſeries of heirs. Now, the advancement of ſuch grants into hereditary fiefs, under knight-ſervice, was an important advantage and acquiſition. While it operated to the convenience and the grandeur of the ſovereign, it bettered the property, and ſecured the independence of the ſubject."

The decline of the feudal ſyſtem, and the fall of chivalry, Dr Stuart accounts for on a variety of grounds, and concludes with the following obſervation on the extenſion of commerce.

" To all theſe cauſes, the riſe of commerce is to be added. Its various purſuits, and its endleſs occupations, were to actuate the middle, and the loweſt claſſes of men, and to give the killing blow to a ſyſtem, of which the ruins and decline have an intereſt and importance that bring back to the memory its magnificence and grandeur."

Purſuing this ſubject in the following ſection, he ſays,

" All the ſplendor and advantages of the ancient chivalry could not uphold the feudal militia. The dubbed knight, or the knight of honour, was to fall with the mere military tenant, or the knight of tenure. Chivalry was to decay as well as knight-ſervice. When they ceaſed to give a mutual aid and ſupport, they were ſoon to operate in a contrary direction, and to promote the decline of each other.

" In the order of dubbed knights, there were neceſſarily a multitude of warriors, whoſe military renown had chiefly entitled them to the inveſtiture of arms, and whoſe accompliſhments were greater than their fortunes. Their knowledge in war, and the rank to which they were advanced by the ceremonial of knighthood, gave them the capacity of acting in all ſtations. Their poverty, ſplendid, but inconvenient, made them attach themſelves, in a more particular manner, to princes and nobles. From theſe they received penſions, and, in the houſeholds of theſe, they enjoyed and ſuſtained ho-

nours and offices. Men of rank were to vie with one another in their numbers and attachment. They became a part of the garniture, the magnificence and the pride of nobility.

"There were thus, in the declenſion of the feudal army, a ſociety of men, who could ſupply the perſonal ſervice and attendance of the luxurious and the great. A ſubſtitution of knights, in the place of the barons and vaſſals of the crown, was thence to prevail very generally. And while knights were, in this manner, to wound directly the military diſcipline and arrangements, they were to throw a contempt on knighthood by their numbers and venality. The change of manners, and the uſes of wealth, had tarniſhed the luſtre and the glories of the ancient chivalry.

"In the ſtate of its degradation, the long and hard apprenticeſhip to arms which, of old, had prepared the candidate for the ſtruggles and the cares of knighthood, was forgotten. The poſſeſſion of a portion of land was to be ſufficient to give a title to this dignity. It was annexed to a knight's fee. The unaccompliſhed proprietor of a few acres was to be adorned with the ſword, and to be admitted to the ceremonies of knighthood. But he could not hold its honours. They had paſſed away for ever. The order, which had ennobled kings, and greateſt, ſupreme power, and the loftieſt acquirements, grew to be mean and trivial.

"The aſpiring and the meritorious who, of old, courted and expected knighthood, with the moſt paſſionate ardour and the fondeſt hope, were now to avoid it with anxiety, and to receive it with diſguſt. An unhappy exertion of a prerogative was to add to its humiliation. Princes, to uphold their armies, were to iſſue frequent proclamations, which required all the military tenants of the crown to appear before them on a certain day, and to be girt with the belt of knighthood. Having ceaſed to be an object of choice, it was to be made a ſubject of compulſion. A ſingle knight's fee held of the crown, been conſidered ample enough to have entitled to knighthood, its poſſeſſor, if unwilling to accept this dignity, was compelled to receive it. Senility, irrecoverable weakneſs, and loſs of limbs, were the only excuſes to be admitted for his refuſal. If he had not theſe reaſons to plead, and neglected to take the honour of knighthood, his eſtate was diſtrained by the officers of the revenue. Men were to buy, as a privilege, a reſpite and an exemption from knighthood; and princes, when they could not recover their armies, were to fill their exchequers.

"In a condition, not merely of meanneſs, but of diſgrace and calamity, the ancient chivalry could not exiſt long. It was worn out to extremity; and the military and regular eſtabliſhments to which the defects of the feudal arrangements pointed ſo ſtrongly, were to ſuperſede its uſes and advantages. It did not die, as ſo many writers have fancied, of the ridicule of Cervantes, but of old age, deſpondence, and debility."

The bounds of our review obliges us to refer the curious reader to the work itſelf; where he will diſcover an expreſſive elegance of ſtyle; an uncommon vigour of mind; with a ſpirit of reſearch and inveſtigation, which judiciouſly refuſes implicit confidence in the greateſt names: for, as the author with much propriety obſerves, "The undue weight of what are called *great authorities*, gives a ſtab to the ſpirit of inquiry in all ſciences." C.

Obſervations on the Means of exciting a Spirit of national Induſtry, chiefly intended to promote the Agriculture, Commerce, and Manufactures of Scotland. *By* James Anderſon, *Author of* "The Eſſays relating to Agriculture and Rural Affairs." *4to. 18s. Boards.* Creech and Elliot, Edinburgh; Cadell, London. 1777.

ALTHOUGH the improvement of Scotland appears to be the principal object propoſed in theſe letters, yet, as the author founds all his obſervations on the univerſal laws of nature, and the general diſpoſition of the human mind, his work, with ſome alteration in circumſtances, may be equally applicable to all countries, and may be read with profit by every man of ſound ſenſe and ſolid underſtanding. "I ſhould think," ſays he to his correſpondent, "that I had but ill-performed the taſk you require, ſhould I confine my obſervations to a particular grievance that may perhaps have diſappeared before the ink ſhall be dry with which I write this letter—I ſhall make my obſervations to you more general, ſo as to be applicable, not to one particular diſtrict of the country only, but to every corner where man may inhabit, or beaſts may be made to live;

and not to thoſe tranſient evils that may ſerve to amuſe the ſpeculative at a particular period, but to thoſe radical defects, that, if not attended to, will continue to oppreſs mankind by inceſſant varying ills, through all ſucceſſive ages."

In this manner, while he endeavours to remove thoſe particular ills that depreſs his native country at preſent, he alſo prepares to ward off other evils that might ariſe in future times; ſo that it is not merely a local and temporary performance, but a work that may be almoſt as intereſting to mankind an hundred years hence, as at the preſent day; or as uſeful to the natives of Hindoſtan and Siberia as to the inhabitants of Scotland;—we ſhall therefore beſtow ſomewhat more attention upon it than a treatiſe merely local could demand.

In reviewing this work we ſhall endeavour, firſt, to give an idea of the general principles which the author thinks eſſentially neceſſary for exciting a ſpirit of national induſtry, and then point out ſome of the moſt remarkable of thoſe caſes to which he applies theſe principles.

It cannot but be agreeable to the inhabitants of Britain to find that all well-informed writers concur in demonſtrating, on the ſoundeſt principles, that almoſt every bleſſing which can render life deſireable, is the genuine offſpring of liberty, and of that alone; and we are glad to find that, as our author founds all his reaſoning on this axiom, he is at great pains to prove, by a variety of arguments, adapted to the capacity of all ranks of readers, that it is a fundamental law of nature, which no political inſtitution can alter.

The real riches and ſtrength of a nation, he obſerves, conſiſts rather in the *quantum* of the induſtry of its inhabitants, than either in their number, or the quantity of money they poſſeſs. If ſo, it ought to be the ſtudy of thoſe who wiſh to promote its internal felicity, to take every poſſible method for promoting the general induſtry of the people; and this, he obſerves, can only be effectually done by ſecuring to every individual a certainty of being able to benefit *himſelf in the firſt inſtance*, by every vigorous exertion he can make. "No labour, carried on by ſlaves, can ever be done at ſo little expence as by freemen—Nothing that is performed by hirelings can ever be performed ſo cheap as by men who are working for their own behoof."

This maxim, we doubt not, will be controverted by many; as the heart of man is naturally fond of domination, and therefore is not diſpoſed to adopt, without extreme caution, any maxim that ſeems to require a relaxation of authority in thoſe who are accuſtomed to command. Impreſſed, as it would ſeem, with this idea, our author takes uncommon pains to convince men of property of the truth of it, in its utmoſt extent; and to ſhew that their own proſperity is ſo neceſſarily connected with that of the people under them, that they cannot poſſibly hurt thoſe dependants without as effectually hurting themſelves, and that no propoſed improvement can operate to their own emolument, unleſs thoſe who are to carry it into execution are to be effectual ſharers in it.

"There is no axiom, ſays he, in geometry more indiſputable, than that the power, the influence, the very exiſtence of the men of landed property, depends upon the well-being, the riches, the activity of thoſe in the lower ſpheres of life. A man who is poor can never pay a rent: a man who is dependent upon the will of another for his ſubſiſtence, can never be actuated by that energetic ſpirit which alone can ſtimulate to arduous undertakings. If, therefore, you hope to thrive yourſelves, ſtrive to make your inferiors rich; and if you hope to make them rich, firſt make them independent. Theſe, O ye nobles, and great men of the earth, are the only means of enſuring laſting felicity to yourſelves, and riches and independence to your families. Let this therefore be the object for which you ſtrive; nor reſt ſatisfied till you have finally attained it. Your all—your independence is at ſtake; and ye—who know the difference that is betwixt the nerveleſs abaſement of that dependent thing which crawls upon the duſt, and licks the courtier's feet, and the celeſtial energy of that mind, which, animated with a conſciouſneſs of independence, looks down on "low ambition and the pride of kings," can beſt compute the value of this bleſſing.—If, then, ye find your own minds warmed with that animating fire; if ye perceive, that by this means one man is more highly elevated above another, than that debaſed thing excels the beaſts that graze the fields; does not your heart glow with rapturous gratitude to Heaven for having put it in thy power thus as it were to form a ſecond intellec-

tual creation! which hath thus enabled thee to blow into the torpid mind the vivifying breath, and to foſter it with friendly care, till it gathers accumulating ſtrength, and then burſts forth in great and daring actions like thine own?——

"All eſſential improvements muſt ever be carried on by the lower ranks of people;—but a dependent mind will never attempt to make any improvement, nor be brought to adopt one, however plainly it may be pointed out.—Let your attention, therefore, be turned chiefly towards thoſe in the loweſt ranks in ſociety;—free them not only from dependence on yourſelf, but protect them alſo from the rod of others.—Cheriſh them in thy boſom with lenient tenderneſs; they will ſoon abundantly requite you for all your pains. Inſtead of that ſtupid torpor that now renders them inſenſible even of kindneſs, their minds will be taught to glow with the warmeſt effuſions of grateful effeem, (for gratitude is only to be met with in cultivated minds). Inſtead of that liſtleſs apathy, ariſing from a total ſuppreſſion of hope and deſire, which makes them at preſent alike neglectful of good offices, and regardleſs of the bad;—their minds, enlivened by hope and tender deſires, will become ſenſibly alive and active, ſo as to be ſenſible of thoſe delicate *ſtimuli* that actuate the cultivated mind, and from the influence of which alone proceed thoſe glorious actions that ſo conſpicuouſly elevate man above all the other creatures of God.

"Shakeſpeare, with that energetic propriety ſo eminently peculiar to himſelf, repreſents the great Lord Talbot as calling *himſelf* only the ſhadow of that mighty Talbot who made France tremble through all her regions, and pointing to his ſoldiers, ſay,

Theſe are his ſubſtance, ſinews, arms, and ſtrength, (necks;
With which he yoketh your rebellious
Raſeth your cities, and ſubverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them deſolate.

"But if a general, without his army, may, with any degree of juſtice, be called a ſhadow without a ſubſtance, with ſtill greater propriety may the inferior orders of the people upon the eſtates of gentlemen of landed property be called his *ſubſtance*, *ſinews*, *arms*, and *ſtrength*; for without theſe he becomes a mere ideal phantom,—a name without a ſubſtance.—His large poſſeſſions, and high-ſounding titles, would, in that caſe, only ſerve to hold them up a little above the croud, to make him a more conſpicuous object of deriſion and of public ſcorn.—Without money, without influence, he becomes the abject tool of thoſe who feed and clothe him: and, inſtead of defending the ſtate by the vigour of his arm, or aiding it by the wiſdom of his counſels, he ſucks out the blood of the induſtrious poor, and thus drains his country of her vital energy and ſtrength:"——

"We need not, he proceeds, go to diſtant nations in ſearch of an example of thoſe important truths; nor need we aſcend to the fabulous æra of antiquity for facts to illuſtrate theſe aſſertions. Spain is at this time little better than the ghoſt of a mighty empire, reduced to the very borders of perdition by this emaciating diſeaſe. Her life is not yet entirely gone; but that exiſtence is only known by thoſe feeble emotions that denote her ſpeedy departure.—Exhauſted to a ſhadow, the little meagre blood ſhe has left ſcarce creeps along her veins; and ſhe is ſo entirely covered by thoſe leeches (a nobility and gentry diveſted of landed revenue), who have been ſuffered to ſeize upon her, that there is no room left to adminiſter a remedy for her. It is theſe vermin alone that are alive and active, who greedily ſeize to themſelves every drop of blood as it is ſlowly generated, ſo as effectually to prevent it from contributing towards the increaſe of her real ſtrength and vigour.

"About two hundred years ago Spain contained a numerous and active peaſantry, who, by their vigorous induſtry, lived happy in the enjoyment of their own property; and, being themſelves in affluence, ſupported by their labour, with becoming dignity, a reputable body of independent nobility and gentry, whoſe many brilliant actions at that time afford the moſt ſtriking contraſt to their preſent abaſement. But by a fortuitous concurrence of unlucky circumſtances, the national induſtry received a check; which having been diſregarded at the time as inſignificant, on account of the dazzling objects that then attracted the attention of all ranks of perſons in that country, the *people** gradually became poor, and were

* The word *people* admits of two meanings in modern languages, which occaſions a ſort of ambiguity. Sometimes it denotes the whole community, and is equivalent to the Latin

not able to afford the wonted returns to their ſuperiors. The nobles and gentry became of courſe more ſtraitened in their circumſtances than formerly, and by conſequence more avaritious. The *poor*, inſtead of being ſeaſonably relieved and ſupported, were more and more oppreſſed, till thoſe who had any remains of ſpirit were forced to emigrate to other regions; and the few that remained ſank at laſt into their preſent ſtate of abject debility.—The grandees, thus finding it impoſſible to draw a ſufficient revenue from their eſtates, flocked to court, in hopes of obtaining thoſe poſts, or penſions, or lucrative monopolies, which the miſguided court (a court neceſſarily miſguided by the counſel of thoſe who hoped to ſhare in the ſpoils of their country) diſtributed with the moſt deſtructive liberality.

"It is from this inattention to the *people*, and the pitiful ſyſtem of ſelfiſh policy that has been adopted in conſequence of it, that that mighty nation, which ſent her victorious arms around the globe,—whoſe princes, intoxicated with power, and continued ſucceſs, formed the ridiculous plan of univerſal monarchy, and made all the nations of Europe tremble for their tottering freedom,---is now dwindled into ſuch total inſignificance, as to be hardly in a condition to defend her own dominions againſt the pooreſt nation of Europe, and even with difficulty bears up againſt the African corſairs.---It is in conſequence of this deſtructive policy, that we have lately ſeen the monarch of this once univerſal triumphant nation, obliged to deſcend to the humiliating meanneſs of diſavowing his own orders, to avoid the dreaded indignation of the King of Britain †---It is in conſequence of this pitiful policy, that their nobles, inſtead of being actuated by that generous delirium which led to the moſt intrepid and diſintereſted actions, are now become the abject tools, and humble ſycophants of court,—the legal robbers of the ſtate, and the moſt mercileſs oppreſſors of the poor.—And it is owing to the ſame ſyſtem of ſhort ſighted policy, that her gentry, formerly rich in the abundant revenue they enjoyed, and active in their ſeveral ſtations, are dwindled into the miſerable *pantaloon*, the mere ghoſt of departed dignity, which in liſtleſs inactivity dreams away its time in a ſolitary aping of mock royalty, and ſubſiſts upon the unſubſtantial revenue of abundant rent-rolls long ago annihilated, which once were drawn from thoſe now uncultivated fields over which he claims the indiſputed ſuperiority.

"Look upon this picture, all ye ſurrounding nations, and learn from her ſad example to know upon what your own true felicity depends.

Diſcite juſtitiam, moniti, et non temnere——plebes.

"Theſe lower orders of the people are the bees that collect the honey upon which the whole hive muſt be ſubſiſted. If they are numerous, ſtrong, and active, and if they have proper materials within their reach on which that activity may be exerted, abundance will be felt in every corner, and all ranks of citizens will be enabled to move in their ſeveral ſpheres with dignity and decorum."

[*To be continued.*]

PIETY *to* GOD, *and* LOYALTY *to the* KING, *illuſtrated and inforced, in a Diſcourſe, delivered upon the 26th day of February* 1778, *being the day appointed by the King for a General Faſt. By the Rev.* William Bryden, *D. D. Miniſter at* Dalton, *in the County of* Dumfries. 8*vo.* 1*s.* Mundell, Edinburgh.

MR BRYDEN choſe for his text, Prov. xxiv. 21.—*My ſon, Fear thou the Lord and the King; and meddle not with them that are given to change.* Many excellent Sermons were preached in Scotland on this ſolemn occaſion; this however is the only one we have ſeen in print.—After illuſtrating the advice here recommended, and offering ſeveral very cogent motives to engage every one to obſerve it, Mr Bryden applies this doctrine to the preſent critical ſituation of public affairs, and concludes in the following pathetic manner:

"THE horrors that have ariſen from civil diſcord, diſaffection, and rebellion, are great beyond deſcription. The annals of every nation under heaven can atteſt the mournful truth. The ruin of mighty empires, powerful kingdoms, and flouriſhing ſtates, may be traced to this fatal ſource. What dreadful deſolations

plebes; ſometimes only the lower ranks, *plebs*. It is in the laſt ſenſe it is here uſed; and in general this is the meaning of it when printed in *Italicks*.

† This refers to the affair of Faulkland's Iſlands.

has rebellion brought upon the earth? What more than favage barbarities has it perpetrated? What ſtreams of blood has it made to flow? What deadly feuds and laſting animoſities has it produced? "Every battle of the warrior is with confuſed noiſe, and garments rolled in "blood," Iſaiah ix. 5. But of all kinds of war, the horrors of a civil war are moſt to be deplored;—when thoſe united by country, by religion, by kindred, by friendſhip, are ſuddenly agitated by the infernal ſummons, Diſcord, furiouſly to deſtroy one another!

"Few wicked rebels and uſurpers have been proſperous. To puniſh a wicked nation, God may ſometimes uſe them as "the rod of his anger;" but when he has ſerved the purpoſes of his providence by them, he calls them to a ſtrict account; and by the miſerable end to which they are juſtly doomed, he ſets a dreadful example to all to ſhun the fatal path of treaſon and rebellion. "Their "calamity," (ſays Solomon in the verſe immediately following the next), "ſhall "riſe ſuddenly, and who knoweth the "ruin of them both?" When perhaps they think themſelves ſecure, and that they are arrived at the ſummit of their ambitious hopes, they are ſuddenly tumbled down from the towering height, to ſink under an unſupportable load of guilt and deſpair! Monuments of the wrath and juſtice of heaven, againſt ſuch daring offenders! that all may avoid their complicated guilt; and learn to "fear the "Lord and the king, and not to meddle "with them that are given to change."

"I come now to the laſt part of this diſcourſe, which was, to apply what hath been ſaid to the occaſion of our preſent meeting.

"We are met together, my friends, this day upon a very ſerious, and at the ſame time a very mournful occaſion, to implore of heaven, by faſting, humiliation, and prayer, ſucceſs to the Britiſh arms.—not againſt a foreign enemy! This had been leſs to be lamented; but againſt thoſe who are children of Britain, who were tenderly nurſed by her, carefully protected, and by her favour and indulgence advanced to ſuch ſtrength and power, as to diſpute for empire with the parent ſtate!

"This is a new ſpecies of rebellion to Britain, unknown to the annals of this kingdom. For though ſhe has too often beheld her children contending about the rights of ſucceſſion to the crown, ſhe never before witneſſed in any of them the unnatural and preſumptuous declaration of independence! This peculiar unhappineſs hath been reſerved for the preſent generation. And have we not too much reaſon to fear, that in proportion as the judgment appears uncommonly heavy, the national guilt is uncommonly great?

"To offer a detail of circumſtances concerning the riſe and progreſs of this unhappy rebellion, or to attempt a deſcription of the ſingular ingratitude and injuſtice which aggravate the guilt of it, would perhaps be to depart from my proper line. Neither indeed is this at all neceſſary. For, notwithſtanding the unremitting efforts of a dangerous combination, to vindicate the American rebellion, and to decry and defeat the juſt and neceſſary meaſures employed by government for repreſſing it, this part of Britain happily remains untainted with the peſtilential breath of ſedition, and unſhaken in its principles of loyalty to the beſt of kings, and in its zeal for the ſupport of the happieſt conſtitution with which a nation was ever favoured by heaven.

"I cannot well ſuppreſs, on this occaſion, the compliment due to the loyalty, liberality, and true fortitude, which mark the national character at this important criſis. The generous ardour, animating all ranks to render the moſt effectual aid to government, exhibits a pleaſing picture of true patriotiſm, and realizes thoſe aſſurances of loyalty, and of inflexible attachment to our happy conſtitution, conveyed in the many affectionate addreſſes formerly preſented to his majeſty from the different parts of this kingdom. Our nobility and gentry, fired with the love of glory, derived from their brave anceſtors, and contending with a noble emulation who ſhall moſt effectually ſerve their king and country with their lives and fortunes; the examples of loyalty and public ſpirit, every-where exhibited by our judges, magiſtrates, and incorporations, and the number of youth who daily flock with ardour to the royal ſtandard, ſhew that Britiſh valour riſes greater from misfortunes and diſappointments; and that the fatal plains of *Saratoga*, where true fortitude was oppreſſed by numbers, have awaked in every breaſt a juſt reſentment, and inſpired a laudable zeal to humble rebel inſolence, and aſſert the glory of the Britiſh arms."

[*Notes to Correſpondents in our next.*]